

SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH.

"He that will not reason, is a bigot; he that cannot, is a fool; and he that dare not, is a slave."

Volume 3.

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THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH

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POETRY.

"The Rose" is the name of a charming little tale, published in Charleston, S. C. by Mrs. Gilman, a native of Boston. One of the recent numbers contains the following contribution from one of the orphan sons of the admired Mrs. Hemans:

STANZAS.

When twilight spreads her starry veil
O'er darksome grove and dewy lawn,
Ere the last beams of splendor fall,
From the sun's car of radiance drawn;
And ere the parting day of day,
On ocean's farthest waves reclined,
In tranquil glory fades away,
While hush'd each sound and still'd each wind

Say, in the holiest, calmest hour
Of peace divine, o'er land and sea,
While gleams each cloud and breathes each flower

With incense to the Deity:
What spirit haunts you lonely wood,
Or smokes along the glowing air?
What genius glides o'er yonder flood,
And fills our thought with silent prayer?

Oh! not of earth those gentle powers,
Revealed before our mental sight,
Whose breathing presence nature dowers
With holier beauty, fairer light;
Sent down to mortal from sky skies,
And for no transient raptures given,
Around devotion's course they rise,
And aid her in her flight to heaven.

CHARLES LLOYD HEMANS.
Dilltown, Ireland.

THE POOR LITTLE MAID.

When a poor girl feels her senses astray,
Cannot sleep on her pillow, nor rest all the day,
Sees a form still pursue her do all she can,
And this form should be that of a handsome young man,
Sly neighbors will whisper then, good lack-a-day!
The poor little maid's in a very sad way!

When of her own friends she begins to grow shy,
When she speaks very seldom, and speaks with a sigh;
When, though witty or wise, she appears like a dunce,
And people wonder what's come to the girl
all at once,
Sly neighbors will whisper then, good lack-a-day!
The poor little maid's in a very sad way!

Selected for the Telegraph.

Moonshine.

A Sketch from Maryat's Novels.

Those who have visited the British West India possessions, must have been amused with the humor and cunning which occasionally appear in a negro more endowed than the generality of his race, particularly when the master also happens to be a humorist. The swarthy survivor seems to reflect his patron's absurdities; and having thoroughly studied his character, ascertains how far he can venture to take liberties without fear of punishment. One of these strange specimens I once met with in a negro called Moonshine, belonging to a person equally strange in his own way who had for many years, held the situation of harbor-master at Port Royal, but had then retired on a pension, and occupied a small house at Ryde in the Isle of Wight. His name was Cockle, but he had long been addressed as Captain Cockle, and this brevity rank he retained until the day of his death. In person he was very large and fat—not unlike a cockle in shape: so round were his proportions and so unwieldy, that it appeared much easier to roll him along from one place to another than that he should walk. Indeed, locomotion was not to his taste; he seldom went much further than round the small patch which was in front of his house, and in which he had some pinks, and carnations, and chrysanthemums, of which he was not a little proud. His head was quite bald, smooth and shining white; his face partook of a more roseate tint, increasing in depth till it settled into an intense red at the tip of his nose. Cockle had formerly been a master of a merchant vessel, and his residence in a warm climate had contracted a habit of potation, which became confirmed during the long period of his holding his situation at Port Royal. He had purchased Moonshine for three hundred dollars, when he was about seven years old, and upon his return to England, had taken him with him.

Moonshine was very much attached to his master, very much attached to having his own way, and was, further, very much attached to his master's grog bottle. The first attachment was a virtue, the second human nature, the third, in the opinion of old Cockle, a crime of serious magnitude. I very often called upon Captain Cockle, for he had a quaint humor about him that amused; and, as he seldom went out, he was glad to see any of his friends. Another reason was, that I seldom went to the house without finding some entertainment in the continual sparring between the master and the man. I was at that time employed in the preventive service, and my station was about four miles from the residence of Cockle. One morning I stalked in, and found him, in his little parlour on the ground floor.

"Well Cockle, my boy, how are you?"

"Why, to tell you the truth Bob, I am all

wrong. I am on the stool of repentance; to wit, on this easy chair doing penance, as you perceive, in a pair of duck trousers. Last night I was half seas over and tolerably happy; this morning I am high and dry, and tolerably miserable. Carried more sail than ballast last night, and lost my head, this morning I've found it again, with a pig of ballast in it, I believe. All owing to my good nature."

"How is that Cockle?"

"Why, that Jack Piper was here last night; and rather than he should drink all the grog and not find his way home, I drank some myself; he'd been in a bad way if I had not poor fellow!—and now you see, I'm suffering all from good nature. Easiness of disposition has been my ruin, and has rounded me into this ball, by weaning away all my sharp edges, Bob."

"It certainly was very considerate and very kind of you Cockle, especially when we know how much you must have acted at variance with your inclinations."

"Yes, Bob, yes, I am the milk punch of human kindness; I often cry when the chimney smokes; and sometimes when I laugh too much. All the women at Port Royal used to say that I was a man of feeling. You see, I not only give my money as others will do, but, as last night, I even give my head to assist a fellow creature. I could however dispense with it an hour or two this morning."

"Nay don't say that; for although you might dispense with the upper part, you could not well get on without your mouth, Cockle."

"Very true, Bob; a chap without a mouth would be like a ship without a companion hatch;—talking about that, the combings of my mouth are rather dry, what do you say, Bob, shall we call Moonshine?"

"Why, it's rather broad day light for Moonshine."

"He's but an eclipse—a total eclipse, I may say. The fact is, my head is so heavy, that it rolls about on my shoulders; and I must have a stiffer down my throat to prop it up. So, Moonshine! out, you black-faced rascal!"

The negro was out side, cleaning his knives; he answered, but continued his work.

"How me shine, massa Cockle, when you neber gib me shiner?"

"No; but I'll give you a shinner on your lower limb, that shall make you feel planet-struck, if you don't show your ugly face," replied Cockle.

"Massa Cockle, you full dictionary dis morning."

"Come here sir!"

"Why you parsonal dis morning, sar?" replied Moonshine, rubbing away at the knife board: "my face no shine more dan your white skull widout hair."

"I pulled one out, you scoundrel, every time you stole my grog, and now they are all gone. Hairs! what should I do with hairs when I have nothing to leave?" continued Cockle, addressing me: "hairs are like rats, that quit a ship as soon as she gets old. Now Bob I wonder how long that rascal will make us wait. I brought him home, and gave him his freedom—but give an inch and he takes an ell. Moonshine, I begin to feel angry—the tip of my nose is red already."

"Come directly, massa Cockle."

Moonshine gave two more rubs on the board and then made his appearance.

"You call me sar?"

"What's the use of calling you, you black rascal?"

"No, sar, dat not fair: you say to me, Moonshine, always do one ting first—so I 'bey and finish knives—dat ting done I come and 'bey next order."

"Well bring some cold water and some tumblers."

Moonshine soon appeared with the articles, and then walked out of the room grinning at me.

"Moonshine, where are you going, you thief—when did you ever see me drink cold water, or offer it to my friends?"

"Neber see you drink it but once, and den you tipsy, and tink it gin; but you very often gib nothing but water to your friends, massa Cockle."

"When, you scoundrel?"

"Why very often you say dat water quite strong enough for me."

"That's because I love you, Moonshine; grog is a bad enemy to us."

"Massa Cockle real fine christian—he lu' his enemy," interrupted Moonshine, looking at me.

"At all events, I'm not ashamed to look mine enemy in the face—so hand us out the bottle."

Moonshine put the bottle on the table.

"Now Bob," said Cockle, "what d'ye say to a seven bell'er? Why hallo! what's become of all the grog?"

"All drank last night, massa Cockle," replied Moonshine.

"Now you ebony thief, I'll swear that there was a half a bottle left when I took my last glass, for I held the bottle up to the candle to ascertain the fullage."

"When you up stars massa Cockle, so help me God! not one drop left in do bottle."

"Will you take your oath Moonshine, that you did not drink last night?"

"No, massa Cockle, because I gentleman and neber tell lie; me drink because you gib it me."

"help me; you drink you grog—you fall back in de chair, and you shut first one eye and den you shut de oder. I see no more grog on de table; so I take up de bottle, and I say 'massa Cockle, you go up tairs!' and you say 'yes, yes—directly!' Den I hold de bottle up, and I say to you 'massa shall I help you?' and you say, 'yes, yes, you must help me!' so den I take one glass of grog, 'cause you tell me to help you."

"I did tell you to help yourself, though, you scoundrel!"

"Yes massa when you tell me to help you wid de bottle, I 'bey order, and help myself. Den sar I wait little more, and I say, 'massa; now you go up tairs,' and you start up and you wake, and you say 'yes, yes,' and den I hold up, and I show de bottle again, and I say, 'shall I help you massa?' and den you say 'yes,' so I 'bey order again and take one more glass. Den you open mouth and more—so I look again and I see one little glass more in bottle, and I call you 'massa Cockle, massa Cockle!' and you say 'high—high!' and den you head fall on you chest and you go sleep again; so den I call you again and I say 'massa Cockle, here one lilly more drop, shall I drink it!' and you nod you head on you bosom and say nothing—so I not quite sure, and I say again, 'massa Cockle, shall I finish this lilly drop?' and you nod you head once more. Den I say, 'all right,' and I say you very good help massa Cockle!"

I finish de bottle. Now massa, you ab de whole tory, and in all really for true."

I perceived that Cockle was quite as much amused at this account of Moonshine's as I was myself, but he put on a bluff look.

"So sir, it appears that you took advantage of my helpless situation to help yourself."

"Massa Cockle, just now you tell massa Fawan dat you drink so much, all for good nature to massa Piper—I do same all for good nature."

"Well Mr. Moonshine, I must have some grog," replied Cockle, and as you helped yourself last night, now you must help me—get it how you can: I give you just ten minutes—"

"Pose you gib me ten shillings sar," interrupted Moonshine, "dat better."

"Cash is all gone. I hav'nt a shilling till quarter day; not a shot in the locker till Wednesday. Either get me some more grog, or you'll get more kicks than half pence."

"You no ab money—you ab no tick—how I get grog, massa Cockle? Missy O' Bottom, she tell me last quarter-day, no pay whole bill; she not half like it; she say you d—n a deceiver, and no trust more."

"Confound the old hag! Would you believe it Bob, that Mrs. Brownbottom has wanted to grapple with me these last two years—wants to make Landlord of the Goose and Pepper-box, taking her as a fixture with the premises. I suspect I should be the goose, and she the pepper-box: but we never could shape that course. In the first place there's too much of her; and in the next there's too much of me. I explained this to the old lady as well as I could, and she swelled up as big as a balloon, saying that when people are really attached, they never attached any weight to such trifling obstacles."

"But you must have been sweet upon her, Cockle?"

"Nothing more than a little sugar to take the noisome taste of my long bill out of her mouth. As for the love part of the story, that was all her own; I never contradicted a lady, because it's not polite; but, since I explained, the old woman has huffed, and won't trust me half a quarter—will she Moonshine?"

"No sar. When I try talk her over, and make promise, she say dat all moonshine. But sar, I try 'gain—I tink I know how."

And Moonshine disappeared, leaving us in the dark as to what his plans might be.

"I wonder you never did marry, Cockle," I observed.

"You would not wonder if you knew all. I must say, that once only, I was very near it. And to whom do you think it was—a woman of colour."

(To be Continued.)

From the State Rights' Sentinel.

NO. 88.

TO GENERAL JACKSON.

Dear General: There is not a man in these United States who likes you better than I do—not a man who would go farther to serve you. But I do not like you well enough to worship you, or to admire your faults, or to conceal them. The truth is you are an honest, well meaning, independent, heroic, patriotic old man: there are your virtues all told. But you are petulant, credulous, inconsistent, easily duped, desperate. You have done the country much service. Your opposition to the tariff, (better if it had been earlier), your veto of the Bank Bill, your resistance of the internal improvement system, were measures which cover you with honor. And you have done the country much disservice. Your proclamation, your seizure of the public money, your dispersion of it among a swarm of rickety, crazy, irresponsible Banks, your electioneering, your tampering with State Legislatures, your abuse of the franking privilege, and lastly and most of all, your patronage of caucuses, cover you with disgrace. Now all this, you and I know to be honest truth; and the whole tribe of miserable, fawning sycophants, who crouch at your feet, also know it to be true, though the white livered, contemptible, wretches, care too little for the country, to acknowledge it.

I have given you this proof of my candor, the better to recommend to your consideration the following proposition:—

We have just closed, you know a campaign in Florida, which, somehow or other,

didn't work right, though we had three United States' Generals of the first chop to conduct it. I have no fault to find with these men. General Gaines nearly starved himself and 1100 troops to death, trying to conquer the Indians; General Scott marched among them, with as much dignity and science as ever man did, and General Macomb hastened to the scene of action as fast as a dramatist who had to pass half a dozen theatres by the way, could; but still nothing of consequence was done. This campaign cost the Government more than a million of dollars; what will be the cost before its object is accomplished no human being can tell—two millions more at least. As this was a war for United States' territory alone, the United States should have been permitted to manage it in their own way, without any interference on my part. But your excellency knows that we have now got into another very respectable Indian war, in which Georgia and Alabama are exclusively interested. If this be conducted as the other has been it will certainly cost much more, as the Creeks are stronger than the Seminoles—four millions at the very lowest calculation.

Now, my proposition is, to take this war upon contract. If the General Government will pay me eight hundred thousand dollars in good hard money, (drafts on pet banks will not be received,) I will engage (without any "extra allowance") to drive every Creek out of the two States, in less than six months. I will just take a couple of cotton gaudied Colonels, out of our pine woods, with as many regiments, from our huckleberry swamps, and I'll make every copper faced, rascal of an Indian, scamper out of the nation like rabbits from woods a fire; (if you'll close the contract, before huckleberry season is over, that I may not have to buy provisions) I'll engage that every one of my soldiers gets home, time enough to make a crop of peas and potatoes, and with three hundred dollars in his pocket. My boys will give 'em none of your wine drinking, playacting, trace-chain shooting play; they'll give 'em swamp for swamp, bush for bush, tree for tree, and give 'em *rosam* besides. The truth is friend Hickory, we don't want any imported Generals, to learn us how to fight Indians. We learned a little about that at Braddock's defeat. Just hand over your war to us cow drivers, and let us manage it in our own way, and we'll show you a thing or two that will tickle you so that you'll not curse any more for a week. But I'll know what we are if we have but half a chance.

And look what a saving to the Government. All the public shooting-irons saved all the clothing, all the provisioning, and THREE MILLIONS TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, besides!! This is another sort of contract to your rip raps. Pray let me hear from you immediately.

BOB SHORT.

P. S.—I hope you'll let me have the refund of the Seminole war. I'll take that at half price—four hundred thousand.

From the Grand Gulf Advertiser.

POST OFFICES IN MISSISSIPPI.

The following is a catalogue of the post offices of the arranged for the Advertiser, in alphabetical order for reference. It would be useful for business men and others to paste up this. County seats have their counties after them in italics.

Athens, Monroe; Matthew Sims, 28 north of Columbus, and easterly from Aberdeen, on the Tombigby.

Aberdeen, Monroe, 60 by water, above Columbus.

Auburn, Claiborne, Mark Snow, 36 miles east-north easterly from Grand Gulf.

Amsterdam, Hinds, Henry H. Ellison, on the Big Black, 16 from Raymond, and 18 from Vicksburg.

Augusta, Perry, John S. Howze, 46 easterly of Columbia; there is a land office here.

Baldwin, Hinds, K. A. Martin, 13 from Raymond.

Belmont, Wayne, John Harman.

Benton, Yazoo, Robert L. Adams, 42 northerly of Jackson.

Biaka, Carroll, Philip McCarthy, in the southwest part of the country.

Boyna, Warren, Thos. Cowan, 13 from Vicksburg, on the road to Clinton.

Bowden's Mills, Madison, Samuel Hamblin.

Breder Spring, Lowndes, Winchester Dumas.

Bivlar, Bolivar.—J. Field, 42 north of Princeton, on a straight line. It is the only one now in Bolivar county.

Bandon, Rankin; William D. Hathorn, 14 easterly from Jackson.

Bookhaven, Lawrence, Samuel Jayne, 20 west of Monticello.

Canden, Neshoba; 24 south of Louisville, post master not yet appointed.

Canton, Madison; William Montgomery, 28 northerly from Jackson.

Carrollton, Carroll—Jeremiah Cooper, 32 easterly from Lexington; an improving place.

Carthage, Leake; 33, east-northeasterly from Canton; postmaster not yet appointed.

Cayuga, Claiborne, Ozias Auburn, 23 from Port Gibson, east-north-easterly.

Cedar Creek, Lowndes, Alexander B. Dearing, 14 south-southwesterly from Columbus.

Chulahoma, Marshall, Lovard M. M. James, south of Holly Springs.

Chicaw, C. H. Chicaw.—No post office yet established; is to be near the centre of the county.

China Grove, Pike, William B. Ligon, 14 miles east-northeast of Holmesville.

Chocoma, Tallahatchie, John J. Nicholson, 19 northerly from Carrollton.

Choctaw Agency, eastern part of Oktibbeha, Gabriel Linneum.

Cifton, Jefferson, William Fauver, 17 northeasterly from Natchez.

Clinton, Hinds, William B. Dameron, 8 from Raymond, 10 from Jackson, and 59 from Grand Gulf; has the Mississippi College and a land office.

Coffeetown, Yalobusha, D. M. Kayburn, 15 east of Edmonia.

Cold Springs, Williston, Nathan E. Raymond, 16 from Woodville, and 21 from Natchez.

Columbia, Marion; James Atkinson, on the eastern bank of Pearl, 39 easterly from Columbus, Lowndes; Charles H. Abert, 86 from Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and 135 from Jackson.

Copiah creek, Copiah, Isham T. Corley, 9 westerly of Gallatin.

Cottonginport, Monroe, J. N. Walton, 14 northerly from Hamilton; is the east side of the Tombigby.

Cross Roads, Jackson, Daniel Rouse.

De Kalb, Kemper; Thomas Jefferson Griffith, 55 west of south from Columbus, via Macon.

De Soto C. H. De Soto.—No post office yet established.

Deak's Stand, Madison, George S. Grant, in the north east of Madison.

Eastham, Franklin, Benj. Paxton.

Edmonia, Tallahatchie, Z. S. Morrell, 14 east of the centre of Tallahatchie.

Ellisville, Jones; J. Moffit, 22 easterly from Williamsburg.

Eucutta, Wayne, Robert Satcher, Fairfield, Amite; David Gordon, 19 northeasterly from Liberty, on the road through Copiah to Jackson.

Fayette, Jefferson; H. N. Fleming, 24 northeasterly of Natchez, and 24 southerly from Port Gibson.

Fleetwood, Hinds, Edwin Shumway, 11 westerly from Clinton, on the road to Vicksburg.

Franklin, Holmes, Ormudson Harris, 8 southerly from Lexington.

Fordsville, Marion, William M. Rankin, 13 southerly from Columbia.

Fort Adams, Wilkinson William P. Hayden, 18 miles westerly from Woodville.

Garlandville, Jasper, James E. Watts, 16 northeast from Paulding.

Georgetown, Copiah, John Woods, 22 from Gallatin.

Georgetown, Holmes, John B. Murray, 3 southerly from Franklin.

Gallatin, Copiah.—Milton P. Smyth, 38 miles southerly from Jackson, 18 from Pearl river, 61 north from Liberty, and 38 from Port Gibson.

Grand Gulf, in the county of Claiborne; William M. Smyth, half way between Vicksburg and Natchez; 46 westerly from Gallatin; 70 west-southwesterly, via Clinton and Raymond, from Jackson.

Greensborough, Choctaw.—Wm. Dyer, 33 east of Carrollton, 60 west of Columbus.

Geenville, 6 from Fayette, and 10 from Rodney.

Grenada, formerly Pittsburg, Yalobusha, Thomas P. Davidson.

Habochitto, Hancock, Moses Cook, in the upper part of Hancock.

Hamilton, Monroe, George B. Sanderson, 14 north of Columbus, is east of the Tombigby.

Henderson, or Okachickama, Yalobusha, Martin Edwards, 6 southerly from Coffeetown.

Holly Springs, Marshall; or Clarendon, W. Polk, 44 from Memphis, 23 from Lagrange, Te., 15 from Mitchell's Bluffs, and 44 from Pontotoc.

Holmesville, Pike; Silas M. Catching, 31 easterly from Liberty, and near the Bogue Chitto.

Iawamba, C. H. Iawamba; none yet established.

Jackson C. H. Jackson; Patrick Ward, 36 southerly from Leakeville.

Jackson, Hinds, seat of government for the state, F. G. Hopkins, on Pearl, 18 miles from Livingston, 134 southwest of Columbus, and 44 east of the Mississippi.

Jaynesville, Covington, Martin M'Nair, in the upper part of the county.

Kellertown, Wilkinson, George B. Foster.

Kendallville, Holmes, William R. Harmer.

Kingston, Adams, William Harper, 16 south-southwesterly from Natchez.

Koshoma, C. H. Koshoma; none yet established.

Kosciusko, lately Paris, formerly Atala C. H. Atala; Gordon D. Boyd, 32 easterly from Lexington, in the county of Holmes and 46 northeast of Canton, Madison.

Krebsville, Jackson county, at the mouth of the Pascagoula, eastern side.

Leaf River, Greene, Christopher Tatum.

Leakeville, Greene.—Daniel F. McInnis, 70 easterly of Columbia, named after a governor of the state.

Lebanon Amite; Thos. Talbot, postmaster.

Leflore, Carroll, James Young, 16 west of Carrollton.

Lexington, Holmes, W. L. Trimble, 33 N. E. of Manchester, and 30 N. E. of Benton.

Liberty, Amite, E. M. Davis, 55 S. E. of Natchez, and 33 east of Woodville.

Line Store, Copiah, (on the line between Copiah and Hinds) J. A. Ferguson, 18 from Gallatin.

Liverpool; Joseph Powell; on the Yazoo, 21 below Manchester;

Livingston, Madison; James S. Ewing 13, from Canton, and 49 from Vicksburg.

Lloyd's Mills, Copiah, Robert Miller, 18 from Gallatin.

Louisville, Winston; James Phagan, 48 southwest of Columbus.

Macon, Neshoba; Jefferson Clement, 25 southwest of Columbus.

Madisonville, Madison, Charles Godfrey, 15 east of Livingston.

Maleton, Jefferson, Malcolm Gilchrist, in the Scotch settlement 6 southerly from Fayette.

Manchester, Vincent Galloway, 10 west from Benton, 98 from the mouth of the Yazoo, in Yazoo county.

Mariam, Lauderdale; 35 northeasterly of Paulding.

Mayhew, Lowndes, John Delashmet, 16 westerly of Columbus, formerly a missionary establishment.